

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 49—No. 31.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—OPERAS IN ENGLISH.**—DONIZETTI'S "DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT" will be repeated by desire. Miss Maria Rossetti (her First Appearance), Mrs. A. Cooke, Messrs. Parkinson, A. Cooke, D. Newton, &c. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor—Mr. MANN. The Opera produced under the direction of Mr. George Perren. Transferable Numbered Stalls for the Eight performances, Half-a-Guinea; Single Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 1s.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE. LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

"ANNA BOLENA."

THIS EVENING (Saturday) August 5, will be performed Donizetti's celebrated Opera, "ANNA BOLENA." Henry VIII. (King of England), Signor Agncai; Lord Richard Percy, Signor Prudenza; Lord Rochford (brother of Anne), Signor Caravoglia; Sir Harvey (an Officer of the King), Signor Rinaldini; Smeaton (Page and Minstrel to the Queen), Mlle. Fernandez; Jane Seymour (Attendant on Anne), Madame Sineco; and Anna Bolena, Wife to King Henry, Mlle. Tieljous. Chorus of Courtiers, Officers, Lords, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c. Scene—England. First act— Windsor. The action of the second act takes place in London. Time—1538. After the Opera, the National Anthem.

The doors will open at eight o'clock, and the Opera will commence at half-past eight. Stalls, £1 1s.; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; gallery, 2s. Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir Michael Costa. Boxes, stalls, and tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at Her Majesty's Opera Box-office, Drury-lane, open daily from ten till five; also of the principal librarians and music-sellers.

## GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

SEPTEMBER 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1871.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS:

MDLE. TIETJENS. MDME. CORA DE WILHORST. MDME. PATEY. MISS H. R. HARRISON. MISS MARTELL. MR. VERNON RIGBY. MR. E. LLOYD. MR. BENTHAM. MR. LEWIS THOMAS. MR. BRANDON. SIGNOR FOLLI.

PERFORMANCES IN THE CATHEDRAL:

TUESDAY—At 1 o'clock—Overture to "ESTHER"—HANDEL's "TE DEUM"—"HEAR MY PRAYER"—MENDELSSOHN—"JEPHTHA"—HANDEL.  
TUESDAY—At 7 p.m.—HAYDN's "CREATION" (1st part) and Selection from HANDEL's "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."  
WEDNESDAY—At 11.30—"ELIJAH"—MENDELSSOHN.  
THURSDAY—At 11.30—Selection from BROHN's "CALVARY." "GIDEON," by W. G. CURRIE (first time).  
BACH's Sacred Oratorio, "THE PASSION."  
FRIDAY—At 11.30—"THE MESSIAH"—HANDEL.

CONCERTS at the SMITH HALL on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS at 7.45 p.m.

During the Concerts will be performed HANDEL's "ACIS AND GALATEA"—WEBER's "PRECIOSA"—Selection from MOZART's "FIGARO," and MOZART's Symphony, "JUPITER." The BAND and CHORUS will consist of Performers of the first eminence, as in former years.

CONDUCTOR . . . Dr. S. S. WESLEY.

TICKETS (all Numbered Seats in the Cathedral) sold by Mr. EDWARD NEAR, 155, Westgate Street, where Plans of the Seats may be seen, and places secured, from 10 till 4. Tuesday and Thursday—Nave, 14s., Gallery, 10s. 6d., Aisles, 5s., Transepts, 3s. 6d. Wednesday and Friday—Nave and Gallery, 14s., Aisles, 5s., Transepts, 3s. 6d. Tuesday Evening—Nave, 10s. 6d., Gallery, 7s. 6d., Aisles, 5s., Transepts, 2s. 6d.—CONCERTS—First Division, 10s. Second Division, 7s. (both numbered), Third Division 3s. 6d.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—1st and 2nd Class Tickets at one fare for the te and fro journey on the day of issue, and Ordinary Return Tickets extending from Monday, September 4th, to Saturday, September 9th, will be granted by the Great Western the Midland, and the Bristol and Exeter Companies on the Main Lines and Branches. Persons residing at a distance can be supplied with Tickets and have places secured by forwarding the amount of Tickets and Postage by Post-Office Order to J. H. BROWN, Secretary to the Stewards.

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The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on Monday, the 18th September, and will terminate on Saturday, the 17th December.

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Upward look and see  
Her whom thou mournest evermore,  
Keeping watch o'er thee.  
Grieve not at the will divine,  
Humbly strive to bow;  
Though bereft, do not repine,  
Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,  
The lost, the young, the fair,  
Lives now where the happy dwell—  
Would'st call thy child from there?  
Ever gone to peaceful rest,  
A halo round her brow,  
Earthly cares touch not her breast—  
Thy child's an angel now.

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Only when twilight creeps,  
My sad heart weeps and weeps,  
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—  
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,  
Guarding his weal the while,  
A sweet life without guile—  
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite  
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,  
That I scorned to set right—  
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late  
Writhing in chains of fate,  
He mourns disconsolate—  
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,  
So our life's battle 's won,  
Crushing, each morning sun—  
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,  
Waiting for weary night,  
Wail and cry by grief's right—  
"What might have been!"

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## A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 454.)

Through the fortunate change in my outward circumstances; through the hopes I built upon their still more favourable development; and, finally, through personal and, in a certain sense, intoxicating relations with a new circle, well inclined to me, a desire was nourished in me that impelled me to enjoyment, and, for the sake of this enjoyment, diverted, from the course most peculiar to it, my inward being fashioned in me amid painful impressions of the Past, and by the struggle against it. A strong sensual instinct, urging every man to immediate life, determined me, in my peculiar circumstances as an artist, to choose a course which necessarily disgusted me very quickly and very violently. This instinct could only have been stilled in life by my endeavouring to obtain, as an artist, splendour and enjoyment from the complete subordination of my real being to the demands of public artistic taste; I must have yielded to fashion and speculation on the subject of their weaknesses; and here, at this point, it became clear to my feelings that I should be ruined by my disgust, if I really entered upon such a course. Sensuality and the enjoyment of life presented themselves to me, therefore, only in the form of what our modern world offers as sensuality and enjoyment of life; as an artist I perceived, moreover, that this was attainable only by following the course with which I was already acquainted, as the fruits of our wretched public system of art matters. As regards actual love, I observed at the same time in a lady whom I admired the fact that a desire similar to my own could imagine itself satisfied only in the most trivial things, and that, too, in such a manner that the delusion could never be really veiled from the want. If now I turned away with repugnance from all this, and owed the strength of my repugnance only to my humanly-artistic nature, already developed into independence, it was necessarily expressed, humanly and artistically, as a longing for satisfaction in a higher and nobler element, which, as opposed to the exclusively and immediately recognizable sensuality of enjoyment of the modern Present encircling me far and wide in life and art, could not appear to me otherwise than as something pure, coy, maidenly, unapproachably and impalpably loving. Finally, what could this yearning for love, the noblest feeling of which, with my nature, I was capable, possibly be but a longing to vanish from out the Present, to die in an element of indescribable love, terrestrially non-existent, and such as appeared attainable only by death? What, however, was this longing really but the yearning of love, of genuine love, too, sprung from out the soil of the most complete sensuality—only a love which could not feel satisfied upon the loathsome soil of modern sensuality?—How absurd must the critics, become clever in modern coldness, now appear to me, who wanted to attribute to my *Tannhäuser*, a specifically Christian, impotently beheavening tendency! They recognize exclusively the poem of their own incapability in the poem of him whom they are unable to comprehend.

I have now accurately drawn the mood in which I was when the form of *Tannhäuser* warningly re-appeared, and urged me to the completion of its poem. It was a devouringly voluptuous state of excitement, keeping my blood and nerves in feverish ebullition, which I experienced when conceiving and carrying out the *Tannhäuser* music. My true nature, which, in disgust at the modern world, and impelled towards something nobler, and most noble, had wholly returned to me, encircled, as though in an impetuous and burning embrace, the extreme forms of my being, both of which flowed into one stream: the highest yearning for love.—With this work I signed my death-warrant; from the modern world of art I could no longer hope for life. I felt this, but I did not then clearly know it.—I was destined to acquire the knowledge subsequently.

In the first place, I have to inform you how, by further experience from without, I was confirmed in the course I had taken.—My hopes of rapid successes through the diffusion of my operas in German theatres remained utterly unfulfilled; from the most important managements my scores—frequently with the parcel unopened—were returned to me unaccepted. It was

only by great exertions of personal friendship, that I succeeded in getting *Rienzi* produced at Hamburg; a totally unsuitable singer spoiled the principal part, and, with an unsatisfactory success, laboriously sustained, the manager found himself deceived in the hopes raised in him. I then remarked, to my astonishment, that even this *Rienzi* was pitched too high for the public. However coldly even I myself may at present look back upon this early work of mine, I must, at any rate, acknowledge one thing in it: the youthful heroically-toned enthusiasm permeating it. But our public have accustomed themselves, from the masterpieces of modern operatic patch-work art, to discover matter for theatrical enthusiasm in something quite different from the fundamental temper of a dramatic work. In Dresden, something else aided me, namely, the purely sensual impetuosity of the presentation, which, under circumstances in this respect fortunate, and more especially by the brilliancy of the means, and the natural truthfulness of the principal singer, worked upon the public in an intoxicating manner.—On the other hand, I gained experience of a different kind with *The Flying Dutchman*. The old master, Spohr, had quickly produced it at Cassel. This was done without any request on my side; still I feared I should have to remain a stranger to Spohr, because I could not see how my youthful tendencies might agree with his taste. How astonished and joyfully amazed was I, when the grey-headed, worthy, master, who turned abruptly and coldly from the modern world of music, expressed, in a letter, his complete sympathy with me, explaining this sympathy simply by his intense delight at meeting a young artist in all whose efforts it was evident that he looked upon art seriously! Spohr, the venerable old man, was the only German chapelmaster who welcomed me with warm love, fostered my efforts to the best of his power, and, on all occasions, remained friendly and well-inclined to me.—In Berlin, also, *The Flying Dutchman* was produced; I had no reason to be, strictly speaking, dissatisfied with the mode of production. But my experience of its effect on the public there was of great importance to me; their Berlin coldness, most suspicious and most prone to find fault, a coldness which endured throughout the first act, merged, in the course of the second, into complete warmth and emotion. I could not consider the result as anything but thoroughly favourable; yet the opera disappeared very soon from the repertory. A sure instinct in modern theatrical matters guided the management, in regarding it, even when it pleased the public, as unfitted for their operatic repertory. I acknowledge, to-day, how correctly they judged the nature of theatrical art generally. A repertory-piece which is to be presented for a long period, or, perhaps, always, alternately with others similar to it, must not have sprung from any particular frame of mind, or need for its comprehension any frame of mind of a definite, individual nature. For the above purpose pieces must be selected which either depend upon a generally indifferent frame of mind, or are destitute of any frame of mind at all, and consequently do not aim at arousing any particular one in the public, but are enabled only by the outward charms of the performance, and by interest, more or less purely personal, for the performing virtuosos, to act as a diverting entertainment. The production, of old, and, as they are called, classical works, which certainly can never be really understood, except by the awakening of individual frames of mind, is never an act proceeding from the convictions of theatrical managers, but even in its results only a laboriously and artificially fulfilled demand of our æsthetic criticism. The frame of mind, which, under propitious conditions, my *Flying Dutchman* was capable of awakening, was so clearly defined, unusual, and deeply emotional, that even the persons completely filled with it could not possibly feel inclined frequently, and in rapid succession, to allow themselves to be thrown into such a frame of mind again. The public, and every human being, wants to be surprised by such frames of mind; the violent blow, followed by profound subsequent effects of the surprise, constitutes, also, as the object of the work of art, what is beneficial and elevating in the effect of a dramatic performance. The same surprise is either never again a success, or only when repeated very seldom, and after the gradual obliteration by life of the impression first received; on the other hand, violent excitement, with the con-



scious purpose of procuring the surprise, is a convulsive trait of our modern art-debauchery. From men who invariably really develop themselves out of life, the same effect of the performance of one and the same dramatic work, is, strictly speaking, never to be obtained; and the renewed longing could be satisfied only by a new work of art sprung also from a new phase in the development of the artist. I am touching upon what I said in the Introduction against the Monumental in our system of art, and thus confirm from the investigation and sensible interpretation of existing data, the need for the ever new. As the book of the Future, springing invariably from the Present and belonging to the latter only, a work which can be understood, not as something monumental, but as something mirroring life in its most varied aspects, and manifesting itself in indescribably changing muchness.

(To be continued.)

### THE SWEDISH MILITARY BAND.

Among the musical features connected with the International Exhibition at South Kensington, not the least attractive is the playing of certain military bands in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. Our most recent visitors have been the musicians of His Majesty the King of Sweden's 1st Regiment of Guards, whose harmony has charmed hundreds daily for some considerable time. A brief account of the "farewell performance" may not be without some interest. The band is compact and well-balanced, consisting, of course, entirely of wind instruments—two flutes (large and piccolo), two piccolo E flat clarinets, three B flat clarinets, alto clarinet, E flat and B flat cornets, two E flat alt horns, tenor horn, four B flat and E flat trumpets, three trombones (alto, tenor, and bass), bombardon, big drum, side drum, cymbals, gong, &c. The instruments are all of good quality, and the majority of the performers are adepts of more than common ability. They play together with steadiness, accent, and precision, a command of *piano* and *forte*, as also of the nicer gradations of tone, under the guidance of M. G. Rosbeck, who seems to possess the requisites of a good conductor, and is a clever composer in the bargain. The farewell programme was as subjoined:—

Hyllingsmarch ... ..	G. Rosbeck.
Overture, "Le Serment" ... ..	Auber.
Pot-pourri on Swedish melodies ... ..	Berens.
Bjorneborgs-March ... ..	...
Overture, "La Chasse du Jeune Henri" ... ..	Méhul.
Pot-pourri, "Der Freischütz" (arranged by G. Rosbeck) ... ..	Weber.
Melodies (arranged by Soderman) ... ..	Bellman.
March, "Farewell to London" ... ..	G. Rosbeck.

The *Hyllingsmarch* is a fair specimen of Director G. Rosbeck's ability as a composer for wind instruments. Not its least recommendation to English ears is that it ends with the same tune as that of our own National Anthem. If the arrangement of Auber's pretty and spirited overture to *Le Serment* (produced in London some 40 years ago, under the English title of *The Coiners*) is by Director Rosbeck, it does that gentleman great credit. So well is it laid out, in fact, for the instruments, that one might easily have believed it had been written by the composer himself expressly for a military band. It was admirably played. The *pot-pourri* on Swedish melodies was interesting for reasons unnecessary to explain. Combining some twelve, in all, the majority of them really genuine, it is the more effective on account of the skillful way in which they are made to succeed and contrast with one another. First comes a lively tune, then a plaintive one; and so on to the end. The Swedish melodies in minor keys are singularly fresh and beautiful, and one of the most striking examples in the *pot-pourri* was the "*Neekens Polska*" ("River Sprite"), which Mlle. Nilsson sings so exquisitely in the last act of *Hamlet*, where M. Ambroise Thomas has used it to such effective purpose. It is worth noting that this air was originally a brisk dance tune, and that the plaintive character it now assumes, in consequence of being taken in slow time by vocalists, whether in the form of a part song, or, as in the opera of Thomas, of a solo, was never dreamt of by its composer. Among other interesting melodies in this *pot-pourri* were "*I rosen doft*," composed by the late Prince Gustave, brother of the present King and of Prince Oscar; "*Vernlands visa*" (in other words, "*Vernland's song*"); "*Gladgens blomster*" ("*Flowers of Joy*"); "*H vila vid denna källa*" ("*Rest at this Fountain*"); and, as *coda*, part of "*Charles XII's March*." Some of the melodies were by Bellman, a poet-musician who lived in the time of Gustavus III., and is supposed to have produced a large number of those tunes which, in Sweden, are accepted as "national." The "*Bjorneborgs March*" is of Finnish extraction, and named after the town or village where it was produced. It is full of vigour.

Méhul's powerfully characteristic overture, *La Chasse du Jeune Henri*,

the only surviving piece from a long-forgotten opera—quite as skillfully arranged as the overture by Auber, already mentioned—was, if possible, even better executed. Méhul himself might have written this overture exclusively for wind instruments, so easily does it fall within their compass and capacity. The *pot-pourri* from *Der Freischütz*, capably played, was another commendable specimen of Director Rosbeck's ability as an arranger. The melodies of Bellman, also given out in the form of a *pot-pourri* by "Soderman," offered further proofs of the rich vein of melody possessed by the Swedish poet-musician. They were six in all—some lively, some plaintive, all original and composed of genuine stuff, although the sixth bears a strong family likeness to our own popular air, "*Weel may the keel row*." Director Rosbeck's march, "*Farewell to London*," is very stirring; and its spirited performance might appropriately have represented the "*last word*." It was so heartily received, however, that the composer, not to be outdone in courtesy, added some other pieces in addition to the printed programme. First of these was (in the best taste) the Swedish National Hymn; then followed the whole of "*Charles XII's March*;" and, lastly, after a preliminary flourish of brass instruments, "*God Save the Queen*."

The applause at the end, from a large concourse of people, who had listened to the concert throughout with unabated interest, was unanimous, and the Director and his band took leave of their London admirers under circumstances gratifying to both—the efforts to please on the one side having been fully appreciated by the other.

### THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Last Saturday week one of those agreeable afternoon entertainments was given, which, for want of some more distinctive title, are called "*Opera Concerts*." The artists who appeared included Mdlle. Leon-Duval, Mdlle. Bauermeister, and the well-known and popular singers, Signori Vizzani, Bentham, Mendioez, Rocca, and Foli. The list was headed by Madame Alboni, who, although she does not belong to Her Majesty's Opera, has on more than one occasion appeared in conjunction with the artists of that establishment. The programme contained one classical piece which could not fail to please even those who admire Italian music in preference to German. Beethoven's music to the *Ruins of Athens* formed, in fact, a very attractive as well as effective number. The singing of Madame Alboni was magnificent. She selected for her first song Rossini's "*O salutaris*," from the *Messe Solennelle*; her second was the favourite "*Ah quel giorno*," embellished with some remarkable *fortituri*, whilst for a concerted piece she introduced "*Bella immago*," and, in conjunction with Signor Foli, had to reappear to acknowledge the enthusiastic applause with which it was received. Mdlle. Bauermeister's singing of a valse, entitled "*Tutto sorride*," gained for her a fair share of applause. Signor Vizzani, in Donizetti's "*Alma soave*," was still more fortunate, and was called upon to repeat it. Mdlle. Leon-Duval's rendering of Gounod's "*Ave Maria*," with organ accompaniment by Mr. J. Coward, found numerous admirers, as also did Signor Foli's singing of "*O Lieti di*," from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Mr. Bentham's expressive vocalisation of Sir Jules Benedict's "*Eily Mavourneen*." The romance from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, entitled "*Alla vita che t'arride*," was finely sung by Signor Mendioez. The overture to *William Tell* formed the introductory piece, and the march from *La Reine de Saba* brought the selection to a conclusion. Mr. A. Manns conducted.

The series of concerts which thus terminated was in some respects more attractive than its predecessor, the experiment having been made of giving classical operas as concert music, thus avoiding the usual *pot-pourri* of isolated tunes. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Nozze di Figaro*, were the operas chosen, and, as regards their universal popularity, well chosen; but, in our opinion, the *repertoire* of such recitals should be confined to works in which the dramatic interest is not paramount, as it undoubtedly is in the greater part of *Fidelio*, say the whole of the prison scene, and in not a small portion of both *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Works like Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Gluck's *Paris and Helen*, either of his *Ifigénies*, or any of Handel's operas, which are intrinsically valuable as works of music, and do not imperatively demand representation on the stage to bring out all their beauties, would answer the purpose better; but it may be doubted whether they would have drawn sufficiently numerous audiences.

HAMBURG. — Herr Brettschieder, a young bass singer of great promise, died here on the 15th July.

BONN. — Additional interest will be conferred on the approaching Beethoven Festival by the presence of some of the most distinguished living musicians and composers. Among the celebrities who have already accepted the invitations sent them by the Committee, are Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, London; M. Niels W. Gade, Copenhagen; MM. Verhulst and Holl, Holland; M. Benoit, Antwerp; and Mdlme. Schumann.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The closing week of the season began on Monday, with a repetition of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in which Mdle. Marimon once more sustained the character of Maria, and once more achieved distinguished success. This was her last appearance; and the impression made confirmed all the praises extorted by her earlier efforts on the Drury Lane stage. During the recess Mdle. Marimon will not be forgotten; and the best friends of Italian Opera, not less than her own personal well-wishers, hope that another year she will be free from the indisposition which has so grievously interfered with her success hitherto.

The one novelty of the season, Donizetti's *Anna Bolero*, which has not been heard for 20 years, was produced on Tuesday. It may have been that some doubted the wisdom of Mdle. Tietjens' attempt to make the part of Anna her own. But that she, the legitimate successor of Madame Grisi, should take such a step was easy to understand; while the result justified those who looked for all the success possible to such an artist in such a character. That much success was possible requires no demonstration; nor need it be asserted that Mdle. Tietjens is able, by force of talent, to avoid for the shortcomings she cannot avoid. Her venture was safe, therefore, though perfection lay beyond the artist's reach. A notice in detail of Mdle. Tietjens' performance would mainly concern itself with the majesty and dignity she gave to the character of Anna, and the dramatic force shown in a few striking scenes. It would be altogether superfluous to insist upon the breadth of her declamation, or the vigour and expressiveness with which, though in by no means good voice, she delivered the music. Mdle. Tietjens has prepared everybody to take these merits for granted; and we may more profitably indicate the features of her impersonation which revealed power of a higher and rarer order. The scene in which Anne is threatened by Henry, after he has discovered her in company with Smeaton and Percy, presented Mdle. Tietjens with a grand opportunity—and right well she used it. Nothing could be finer than the change from confusion and alarm to haughty indignation at the words "Giudici! . . . ad Anna!" or than the imperial dignity which thenceforward marked the Queen, without hiding her consciousness of approaching doom. Equally effective was Mdle. Tietjens throughout the interview in which Jane Seymour confesses herself the favourite of the King. Here the great tragic power of the artist came into full play; and, noting the fierceness of malediction, the intensity of repugnance, the strong conflict of emotions, and the final yielding to pity and forgiveness, which were successively shown, one could only be doubtful how best to express admiration. We might dwell in like manner upon the scene where the prior marriage of Anne and Percy is revealed; upon the pathetic rendering by Mdle. Tietjens of her song of delirium, "Al dolce guidami," and upon the climax in which Anne stands face to face with death. In all these things the merit was great, and deserved the recognition it obtained from an audience who called Mdle. Tietjens before the curtain again and again to load her with tokens of approval. Yet we should fail in duty were we to omit saying that Anna Bolena can never belong to the repertory of Mdle. Tietjens as do Medea, Fidelio, Norma, and not a few other characters. A sense of complete fitness is wanting; and the utmost efforts of the great artist cannot fill the void.

The remaining characters were creditably sustained. Madame Sinico looked interesting as Jane Seymour, acting the part, moreover, in an unaffected manner, and singing, notably in the duet with Anne, so as to evoke unanimous applause. The page Smeaton, whose character is a mere sketch, was represented with more grace than spirit by Mdle. Fernandez; but, on the other hand, the young lady earned favourable consideration by her delivery of "Deh! non voler constringere." Signor Prudenza was loudly applauded for his vigorous singing of Lord Percy's music. Signor Caravoglia adequately sustained the part of Rocheford, and the King's officer, "Sir Harvey," was carefully represented by Signor Rinaldini. Henry himself found an exponent in Signor Agnesi, whose make-up by no means flattered the "very much married" monarch. The embodiment, however, was consistent with itself, and with the character as found in the libretto. It toned down nothing of the king's coarseness, violence,

obstinacy, and cruelty, but presented him as a tyrant, whom it was a duty to hate at first sight. Signor Agnesi delivered his music, as always, with artistic emphasis and taste. Indeed for such a character he sang too well. It would mightily have relieved the audience to have hissed the "Defender of the Faith." All the concerted pieces were capitally given, and the orchestra sustained its reputation by playing which presented few faults to the keenest ears.

*Anna Bolena* (repeated on Thursday) will close the season to-night.

## FROM VIENNA.

(From an Original Correspondent.)

The Burgtheatre is undergoing a regular transformation during the holidays. The stalls and parterre seats are to be made more comfortable, but of course they will become dearer. The room will be better ventilated through a new system, and a spacious *Gardrobe* is to be built for the accommodation of the visitors. The directors, Dingelstedt of the Burgtheatre, Herbeck of the Operahouse, and Ascher of the Carltheatre, are collecting their strength at the different watering-places in Germany, and preparing for the next campaign. At the Imperial Operahouse they are rehearsing the grand Ballet of Taglioni, *Fantasia*, and preparing *Dinorah* for the *rentrée* of Mdle. de Murska, who is coming next autumn to help the desolated Imperial troupe.

A regular humbug, called Franchetti, manager of the most wretched troupe, is discrediting the reputation of the Italian Opera at the theatre of the Wieden.

The French manager of a third rate French Operetta troupe, Monsieur Meynadier, generally residing in Florence, has just left Vienna after an unsatisfactory experiment made at the Carltheatre.

The yearly public examinations of the Conservatoire have been more brilliant than ever. Many first-rate talents have attracted the attention of the public; pianists, violinists, composers, and singers of both sexes have obtained the first prizes, and the opera performance was a decided *furor*.

The new star, Carolina Smerosky, has already left for Venice, where she is going to make her *début* as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, with Ciampi as Don, and Cotogni as Malatesta.

Another first-rate *chanteuse légère*, Frl. Catharina Prohaska has been engaged at the Royal Theatre of Hannover by the Intendant, Herr von Broussart, who was present at the theatrical performance of the Conservatoire.

A wonderful contralto, although a beginner, produced a great sensation. And now being in the *saison morte*, I must take leave till next October.

The next concert season promises to be an interesting one, with Rubinstein as leader of the concerts of the Conservatoire; not so brilliant will be the Opera season, according to the actual state of the Imperial troupe, as well as the capacity of the new Consortium, Herbeck-Lewy. Vale et amo.—Yours faithfully,  
SALVATORE SAVERIO DI BALDASSERE.

Vienna, 30th July.

## ORGAN NEWS.

The following was the programme of Mr. George Carter's recital last Monday, on the new organ, built by Messrs. Hill and Son, for Melbourne Town Hall:—

PART I.—1. Sonata in A major, Ritter; 2. *Quis est homo*—Stabat Mater, Rossini; 3. Andante from Symphony in E flat, Haydn; 4. March from *Tannhäuser*, Wagner.

PART II.—1. Andante con Variazioni in E flat, G. Carter; 2. Barcarole, W. S. Bennett; 3. Marcia Funebre, Chopin; 4. Grosse Fugludium and Fuga in E minor, J. S. Bach.

The performance gave entire satisfaction.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cascosine, a very thin evening beverage.

## BEETHOVEN'S SECOND MASS.

This Leviathan work, unparalleled in its class, is the grandest piece of religious service music extant, and it is matter of small wonder to those acquainted with its elaborate difficulties and the consequent labour and expense of surmounting them, that it should be so rarely performed by large numbers. Such a work, indeed, can only be efficiently given by means of long preparation and occasional repetitions at short intervals—conditions which are not easily fulfilled in this country, with the present tendency to cheapness and rapidity of production. The *Missa Solennis*, op. 123, belongs to the same period as the composer's choral (his ninth and last) symphony; that is to say, the latter phase of his career, some five years before his death in 1827. The Mass occupied the composer's most serious thoughts and labour from the end of 1818 until its completion in the summer of 1822, two years too late for its original purpose—performance at the installation, as Archbishop of Olmutz, of Beethoven's pupil and patron, the Archduke Rudolph, to whom it was dedicated in publication. In comparing it with Beethoven's one other work of the kind, the Mass in C, op. 86 (composed in 1807), we have a striking exemplification of that wondrous progression from clear symmetrical beauty and harmonious proportion to the vast sublimity and gigantic idealism of those aspirations towards the heavenly and the infinite, which were the tendencies of the composer's matured thought and feeling. The *Missa Solennis* in sacred music, and the choral symphony in secular composition, stand apart, both in form and treatment, from all other works, even by their author. They are indeed, not to say it irreverently, revelations through the medium of music of a god-like purity and nobility of thought, fused into a practicable language with a power and felicity of expression that would seem to be beyond human attainment. An author's judgment of his own productions is notoriously not always a just one; but it is impossible not to attach importance to the long period of time and the earnest devotion bestowed on this Mass by Beethoven, and his recorded opinion that it was his "grostes und gelungenstes werk." Admirable, and sometimes even sublime, as is his first Mass, its clear beauty and refined human sentiment are replaced in the later work by a vast idealism and an awful grandeur that are no more subjects for criticism than is the setting sun in all its greatest splendour. It is to be regretted that some critics, in certain strictures on portions of this gigantic Mass, did not bear in mind the axiom—

... la parole est toujours reprimée,  
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.

It is painful to think that it was during the composition of the *Missa Solennis* that Beethoven suffered some of his greatest privations and annoyances—as gathered from his own journal, and recorded by Schindler. Constant disputes with servants are entered in his diary; besides sundry "bad days," four of which (in August, 1820) are explained by his biographer as having been "when, quite destitute of money, he was obliged to make his dinner off a few biscuits and a glass of beer, as I have heard from his own lips." The confusion in his household affairs may be judged from the narrow escape from destruction of the score of the first movement of this very Mass—the *Kyrie*. "The large sheets, which looked just like waste paper, seemed to the old housekeeper the very thing for wrapping up boots, shoes, and kitchen utensils, for which purpose she had torn most of them in half." Perhaps, however, without such worldly annoyances, Beethoven might not have soared into those aspirations in which he sought a refuge, and of which he has left such glorious permanent transcripts.

Of such a work as the *Missa Solennis* it would be impossible here to offer a lengthened analysis—we must be content now with pointing to its general character of vastness of conception, amplitude of development, and its embodiment of the highest order of religious sentiment, expressed with the most consummate art-power. The work consists of six principal movements, *Kyrie Eleison*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus Dei*—each with its several subdivisions. Nothing in music can surpass the chastened fervour of the opening "Kyrie;" its calm dignity so finely contrasted by the invocations of the following "Christe eleison," with its fluent counterpoint and intermittent phrases, as of a multitude of supplicants—the recurrence to the commencing phrases of the "Kyrie" leading to a close of sublime tranquillity. The exultation of the *Gloria* is an outpouring of religious joy and confidence expressed throughout with elevation and dignity. This movement, with its subsidiary portions, and especially the elaborate fugue, "In gloria Dei Patris," is one of the most difficult portions of the whole Mass. The *Credo*—commencing with the separate entry of each division of the choir in answering assent—is full of nobility of style, while being a special instance of Beethoven's disregard of facility of execution. The high B flat for the sopranos, sometimes sustained for several bars, is an exceptional strain for any choristers, however efficient. It must be remembered, however, that Beethoven wrote for a pitch below that which has prevailed in this country for many years; and here (as elsewhere in the Mass) the lower French standard would

be felt as a great advantage. The effect of mystery and awe impressed on the "Et incarnatus" is another of the many points that place this Mass beyond and above all precedent. Among the objections made to the work has been the composer's use of ascending scale passages at the words "Et ascendit in celum," as an attempted too literal illustration. To us it does not appear so, but rather as being unconsciously suggestive. In this Mass Beethoven has made far greater use of the learned forms of counterpoint than in his first work of the kind—the most important instance being the "Et vitam venturi," a very elaborate double fugue, in which various learned devices are employed, such as inversion, diminution, &c. The florid complexities of this movement offer the severest possible test of choral efficiency. Brief as is the *Sanctus* (in accordance with the requirements of the service), it is here made the medium for the expression of the profoundest religious veneration. Hitherto, elevated sublimity has been the chief characteristic, but in the lovely *Benedictus* this expression is combined with a tender beauty and flowing grace, which add human feeling to divine worship. The long and exquisite "Prelude," with violin *obligato*, prepares the hearer for the repose of the following movement. Usually the *Benedictus* of a mass is assigned to solo voices only, but here it is written for the solo quartet and chorus alternately and in combination. The effect of this heavenly piece, its beautiful flowing strains chiefly allotted to the solo voices, the chorus occasionally entering with reiterated of the phrase, "In nomine Domine," the passages for the *obligato* violin streaming above all like rays of sunshine—form a whole which has scarcely a parallel in religious music. The solemn "Agnus Dei," and the tranquil "Dona nobis," bring to a worthy close this transcendent production of sacred musical art. In the "Dona" occurs another of those points which have been fixed on by certain pseudo-critics for animadversion. As they complain of the literalness of the passage already referred to ("Et ascendit"), they here object to the violence of the contrast between the use of drums and trumpets and the expression of the text, as if a painter should be denied the use of a deep shade of colour placed close to an effect of radiant light, in order to bring out the latter in stronger relief. All these petty cavillings, however, will be forgotten before the glorious work which caused them is appreciated at its full value.

## FROM MELBOURNE.

The English Opera Company, under the management of Messrs. Lyster and Smith, have produced *Der Freischütz* and *The Daughter of the Regiment*. These, with the highly successful *Grand Duchess* and *Satanella*, carried on the season until the closing time, the 6th May. Both *Der Freischütz* and *The Daughter of the Regiment* were successful. In the former, Madame Simonsen, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. Farley gave intelligent readings of the principal parts. The scenic effects in the incarnation of the last-named opera were well planned, and highly successful. Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento* was chosen for the debut of Mrs. G. B. Allen, who made a success in the part of Marie. After a short interval, the Princess's Theatre re-opened for a season of Italian opera with a new company that arrived by the mail steamer on the 13th from Calcutta. The directors are Messrs. Cagli and Pompei, who have travelled in this line of business in the East for the last six years. The company consists of five *prime donne*, three *primi tenori assoluti*, two *primi baritoni assoluti*, two *primi bassi assoluti*, and one *basso comico*. The first performance took place on the 17th at the Princess's Theatre. The house was crowded, and *Un Ballo in Maschera* was well performed. Each night introduces, at the time of our writing, a new singer. The successful artists up to this time are Signora Tamburini Coy (soprano), Signori Rosnati and Leandro Coy (tenors), Signor Coliva (baritone), and Signori Dondi and Grandi (basses), Signora Rosavalle met with a modified success. The operatic firm of Lyster and Smith has been dissolved, and Mr. Lyster, as lessee of the Princess's Theatre, in conjunction with Messrs. Cagli and Pompei, still carries on the business of *impresario*. The reception of the new company has been extremely favourable. The conductor, Signor Marzocchi, is demonstrative, but clever, and sits at a piano in the midst of his orchestra.—*Melbourne Age*, May 21, 1871.

A DISTINGUISHED artist, S. Rosenthal, has painted a picture to commemorate the inauguration of Freemasons' Hall. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Zetland, the Earl de Grey and Ripon, and many other "free and accepted masons," figure in the group. It contains more than a hundred portraits; we can depose to the accuracy of likeness in several of lesser note, while the leading personages will be recognised at once. The arrangement is excellent; each being fully seen, while there is no overcrowding or confusion. The painter has necessarily introduced so many persons, that perhaps grace of composition is sacrificed; but as an assemblage of portraits it has been rarely surpassed; while, as a work of Art, it has high merit as well as interest; indeed, it may be justly ranked among the very best productions of its class. We presume it will be engraved.—*Art Journal*, 1st July.



## ANNA BOLENA.

A tragic episode in our national annals was represented on the Anglo-Italian stage last Tuesday, for the first time these nineteen years. It may be doubtful whether we ought to congratulate history thereupon. Opera lends itself ungraciously to the historian's work. It has laws more inexorable than the dramatic "unities," and knows how to insist upon their observance at the cost of truth. Moreover, opera is surrounded with such an atmosphere of unreality that one would like, for the sake of consistency, that it should deal with nothing but the purest fiction. Both these objections to opera, as a colleague of history, are exemplified in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*—the one novelty which Mr. Mapleson has now set against the *Astuzie Femminili* of his rival Mr. Gye. True, the libretto of *Anna Bolena* shows a singular reverence for facts; but if it declines the license of its class, it by no means neglects to take liberties. The Henry of *Anna Bolena* is the Henry of history; we recognise Jane Seymour; Rocheford we also know; and are not prepared to complain because Mark Smeaton, groom of the chamber, is changed, for the sake of a contralto voice, into a minstrel page. The real Mark used to play the harpsichord, by the way. *Per contra*, who is the Lord Richard Percy we see return from banishment, to be used by the crafty king as a means of entrapping Anna, and finally to assert a prior marriage with the fore-doomed lady? Donizetti's bookmaker evidently evolved this personage out of the Earl of Northumberland, who, when Lord Percy, loved the beautiful maid of honour; but who, in the time of her trouble, as queen, swore that no promise of marriage had ever passed between them, and received the sacrament upon his declaration. The difference between the real and imaginary Percy is not slight, but what may stand in the way of a librettist who desires an interesting tenor; in this case it is easy to excuse him. Mr. Henry Norris, groom of the stole, and Messrs. Weston and Brereton—all favorites of the Queen—were doubtless gallant gentlemen; but the scion of a princely house, with the romance of an old flame attaching to him, outweighed their claims, and, presto! the necessary transformation was effected. It is in the character of Anne herself, however, that the bookmaker most shows his convenient contempt of history. The fact is that he moulded the part into a shape which best suited a great artist—Madame Pasta; and the scope of the story now effectually bars all chance of exhibiting Anne in the light of truth. When the curtain rises, the shadow of doom has already fallen across her path, and thenceforward she appears only as a "tragedy queen," alternating imprecation with passionate protests, or falling into a dramatic madness little akin to the "hysterical disorders" of which history speaks. Every schoolboy knows that this can be no picture of the real Anne; whose levity played into the hands of her accusers, and whose weak confessions gave the King's revenge a semblance of justice. The unreality of opera is never more conspicuous than when historical characters are brought upon the stage, and it was hard not to think of burlesque effects on Tuesday night as "bluff King Hal" stormed in Italian melodic phrases, and Anne Boleyn went through the musical business of conventional operatic madness. So real are these characters, though divided from us by three centuries of time, that it would hardly have been more surprising to hear a late Prince Regent ask "Harris" for brandy in choice recitative. As an illustration of history, therefore, *Anna Bolena* makes no great claims.

We shall not weary the reader with lengthened details concerning Donizetti's opera—especially as, from the date of its first production in 1831 to the retirement of Madame Grisi, it enjoyed more or less of English popularity. Amateurs must be well aware of its pretensions as the first work in which Donizetti exhibited a distinctive style; and of the consequent fact that by audiences everywhere the novelty was received with acclaim. The success of *Anna Bolena* in London was doubly assured—first by pleasing music, and next by a combination of artists able to win favour for the veriest rubbish. Pasta, Rubini, Lablache—in the light of such a constellation what dull stuff might not appear resplendent? So *Anna Bolena* made its way; and if, like the *Puritani* of Donizetti's gifted countryman, its attraction ultimately declined, executive genius kept it on the stage. The revival we now see attempted, after a lapse of nineteen years, takes place under different and less favourable circumstances. No grand traditions, no recollections of past triumphs, supplement the effect of its performance; each artist having, on the contrary, to say the very foundations of his or her fame as regards the work in hand. The music, on its part, comes as an unfamiliar thing to those who are intimate with the composer's later and greater efforts; and as themes and treatment

once so fresh and powerful, now so stale, and by comparison, weak, appeal to the ear, they inevitably fail to excite the interest of past days. Frankly, then, we see little chance for the permanent revival of *Anna Bolena*. The cast which so long kept it before the public is impossible nowadays, and Donizetti himself has given the world much better music. But there is another difficulty not to be lost sight of, arising from the step which assigned the principal character to a "dramatic soprano," while not altogether ignoring features distinctive of a different category. The Anne Boleyn of Donizetti's opera is a curious mixture. Now it exhibits the grand passion of Medea and now the pitiful weakness of Lucia, while half the part demands the *physique* of Norma and half that of Caterina. Who is sufficient for these things, unless endowed with that rare combination of bodily and mental gifts which throw open the entire range of opera to its lucky possessor.

## PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—The performances on our truly grand organ (says the *Evening Express*, July 26) were resumed yesterday afternoon by Dr. Spark, when the attendance gave a good indication that these concerts are appreciated by residents and visitors. There was a splendid programme. Handel's chorus from *Solomon*, "From the censer," and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D, were played solidly and most effectively. Of the lighter pieces, the Romanza by Gounod pleased immensely. It is a charming and effective *morceau* in C minor, with a bright and melodious episode in C major. Commencing with a plaintive and an expressive melody in the happiest vein of the composer of *Faust*, it flows on with uninterrupted sweetness to the dominant, where a charming cadenza leads to a happy subject in the major, which brings this admirable piece to a pleasing conclusion. For an organ solo, we have not for some time heard anything more beautiful or effective.

SOLIHULL.—A correspondent writes as below:—

"The pleasant village of Solihull has been enlivened by a musical festival in aid of the funds of the Midland Counties Middle-class Idiot Asylum, and, ambitious as may seem the effort, it has been crowned with success. The performances extended over two days, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* being given on the first, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* in G, a selection from the *Creation*, and a new sacred cantata, entitled the *Son of Deborah and Barak*, from the pen of Mr. Anderton, a local professor, who has attained some fame in Birmingham and the neighbourhood, forming the programme of the second day. The church, one of the finest in Warwickshire—a small cathedral, indeed—in which the festival was held, although affording sufficient space for audience and executants, is not altogether well suited for musical performances on such a scale, the band and chorus being inside the chancel, while the principal singers were outside the chancel arch—an arrangement unfortunately inevitable, but no less unfortunately destructive of that unity of effect so needful between voices and instruments. The principal vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Viardot-Garcia, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Louis Thomas, and Mr. Bickley, all of whom acquitted themselves to the gratification of their hearers—Mr. Stockley, of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, conducting with his usual care and ability. Lord Leigh (Lord-lieutenant of the county), and a number of the best families in the neighbourhood, attended both days. The weather was everything that could be wished, and the collections fell but little short of £400—the sale of tickets covering the expenses of the meeting, which will long be remembered as a great achievement for so small a place.—SIDEY HAM."

MILAN.—Signori Brunello and Cattaneo are the new managers of the Scala.—Signor Usegleo's *Educando di sorrento* has been successfully performed at the old Teatro Re.

SOME recent letters in the *Guardian* have brought to light a curious piece of apparatus used in village psalmody of the olden days. This is a gigantic tin singing trumpet, of which several specimens still exist. One at East Leake, Notts, was in use within the last twenty years for the bass singer to sing through. It measures, when drawn out (it has a slide like a telescope) 7 ft. 6 in., with a bell mouth of 1 ft. 9 in. in diameter. As to one at Thorney, Notts, the old clerk's story was that it was used to call people to church *before bells were invented*! Another at Braybrooke, North Hants, is in good condition, with a stand about 5 ft. high to rest it on. The possessor "has heard the voice through it, and it is rendered very powerful in singing. They say in the village that it was used for leading the singing within memory. The effect is rather like that of the Ophecleides one hears abroad, and they suit Gregorians capitally." It seems quite clear that these instruments were used in order to make the most of the voice of the principal village vocalist, whether in leading generally by singing the melody, or in leading the basses.

## "BALFE STATUE" FUND.

THE COMMITTEE, representing the Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre has accepted a proposal, made by the Friends of the late Mr. BALFE, to place in the Vestibule of the National Theatre a STATUE of our eminent Composer. Your kind support is requested in aid of this tribute.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROGER QUARTZ.—Yes—there is such a journal as the *Exchange and Mart*. It is, moreover, further intitled the *Journal of the Household*, and is now more than half way in its fifth year. It is a weekly journal, price twopenny, and registered as a newspaper. About the late *Critic*, and later *Reader*, Mr. Quartz is in error.

MERTUS LIMNERUS.—Félot Claude Théodore Aligny, landscape painter and etcher, was born at Chaumes, in La Nièvre, in January, 1798, and died 25th of February, at Lyons, where he was Director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He studied at Paris under Regnault, the historical painter, and afterwards under Watelet, the "naturalist" (not "realist"). If a disciple at all, Aligny was a disciple of Gaspar Pousin.

DR. GRINDER.—Decidedly not. The "assistance" is neither small enough to call forth the highest powers of those it "assists," nor large enough to ensure the quiet indispensable to their manifestation.

THOMAS GANDER.—It is rumoured that both Mr. Ephraim Bullock and Mr. Benwell have taken lodgings near Colney Hatch, to be prepared for an emergency.

HELIOGABALUS.—No—the letter was as subjoined:—

"To the Editor of the 'Daily Telegraph,'"

"Sir,—In a very kindly notice in your issue of to-day of my drama, produced on Saturday last at this theatre, a slight mistake occurs, which perhaps you will permit me to correct. You give the signification of the title *Clam*, as 'all right.' The proper meaning is 'starve'; 'clam' bearing in Yorkshire the same signification as the better known provincialism of 'clem' in Lancashire.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"Surrey Theatre, April 22.

CHARLES H. ROSS."

### DEATHS.

On July 31, at 45, Leinster Square, Bayswater, HILDA MARGARET, the infant daughter of HENRY and ELLEN JOACHIM.

On July 29, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. WILLIAM EDMEADES, of Soho Square.

### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

### A PARISIAN INSTITUTION.

IF any one of a philosophical turn were to make a study of French character to ascertain what are the reasons which have made liberty a plant of such difficult culture in France, he could scarcely fail to cite the *Claque* as an illustration of the long-suffering disposition of our neighbours with regard to petty tyrannies. The *Claque* is an institution having for object the systematic applauding of theatrical pieces. The *claqueur* is one who, for a pecuniary consideration, takes his seat in the pit, and claps everything and everybody he sees, from seven in the evening till midnight. If any among the paying portion of the public appears so dissatisfied as to hiss, it is the mission of the *claqueur* to bawl, "Turn him out!"—and if there should be any song to excite shouts of "Oh!" the *claqueurs* energetically demand an "encore," in the hope that a second hearing may enable the malcontents to perceive its beauties. The *Claque* is the emblem of government by minority, or of tyranny exercised by an unintelligent, turbulent few, over the too often apathetic many.

Owing to that *esprit Frondeur*, that peculiar propensity to rail and carp, which is inherent in Frenchmen, the *Claque* has long been regarded almost in the light of a necessity. Parisians groan at it, and hate it, as schoolboys hate the rod; but most avow that were it not for the *Claque*, a French theatre would be turned into a bear-garden. So far back as Charles V., when public holidays were solemnized by the performance of "mysteries," or open-air plays representing scriptural episodes, idle students and apprentices were wont to congregate in order to jeer at the players. To put a stop to this, a decree was issued by the Grand Provost, that a number of sergeants of the Marshalsea should attend to maintain order. These prototypes of our modern policemen constituted the first *claque* we hear of; for, though supposed to be impassive and impartial, their business was to incite the public to cry "Noel! Noel!" at the good bits, and to drag off disapproving 'prentices to the Châtelet, where a smart whipping was given to correct their taste. As time rolled on, and playhouses arose, managers found it necessary to be tolerant. The question of pay had something to do with this. In the reign of Henry III. it cost two *sols* (about 7d. modern money) to go into the pit of one of the two wooden theatres existing in Paris; but it was understood that the spectator had a right to express what opinion he pleased; and if we may believe Brantôme, the most approved method of conveying criticism was by pelting the actor with stones, which the playgoer brought for the purpose. Whether this liberty of judging led to inconveniences is not clear, but we may conclude it did; for about a century later, Louis XIV. being king, we find an order of the Lieutenant of Police, La



Reynie, prohibiting expressions of disapproval within the walls of royal theatres. This was when Corneille, Molière, and Racine were popular; and a critic bold enough to hiss ran a twofold danger, for not only was he seized by M. de la Reynie's agents, but beaten black and blue by the servants of the noblemen in the boxes. The Prince de Condé being one evening at the Comédie Française, and observing a man hiss a scene in *Cinna*, shouted to his servants below, "Seize that fellow!" Unfortunately the prince was but lately returned from the campaign in which he had been obliged to raise the siege of Lerida; and the man in the pit had only to shout, "Oh no, my lord, you don't take me; my name's Lerida," to turn the laugh and ensure himself protection. In the reign of Louis XIV. (1642-1715) theatrical performances began at four or half-past, and were generally over by seven. Actors were seldom paid a fixed salary, but formed a sort of joint-stock society, dividing the profits, share and share alike. The price of admission to the pit was five sous, equivalent to about 10d. nowadays; and a seat in the boxes cost two livres, i.e. four and a half modern francs. As the playing public was limited, audiences were more difficult to please than now, and the modern *claque* would have been useless. If a piece was good, it was cheered, the spectators throwing flowers, money, and even jewellery, to the performers. The Duc de Richelieu (Louis XV.), one day threw his gold and diamond snuff-box to the chief actor in Voltaire's *Zaïre*. But if the piece was bad, it fell without hope of remission, and no mercenary applauding could galvanize it into life. The biographers of Scarron mention that, at a performance of one of his early pieces, the curtain fell on the conclusion of the first act amidst dead silence. The actors were chagrined, for they had counted upon success; but instead of continuing, the leader of the *troupe* came forward and declared that as the rest was no better than the beginning, the actors would not put the courtesy of the audience to the test, but proceed to play something else. This announcement was received with a general burst of applause, and Scarron's play was shelved accordingly.

A change had come over the theatrical world when Napoleon I. ascended the throne. There were eleven theatres in Paris, and the *Claque* was a recognized institution, working for public order in general and the Prefecture of Police in particular. The Emperor did not like civil turmoil, and a riot in a theatre or in the streets was put down at once. If a man was caught hissing, the least that could happen to him was to go before the *Commissaire de Police*, show his passport, state who he was, and what were his means of living. During the Restoration it was worse. Party spirit between Royalists and Bonapartists ran so high from 1815 to 1830, that a piece applauded by one party was cried down by the other. Had it not been for the *claqueurs*, half the playhouses would have been converted into battle-fields; as it was, the *claqueurs* had more than enough to do in stifling the groans of the Quartier Latin students, who went *en masse* to "first performances" at the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, and howled hideously when any anti-liberal sentiment was uttered.

Up to 1820 it was usual for managers to covenant with a *chef de claque*, and give him so much a year, to bring five- and thirty or forty *claqueurs* every night. One day it was discovered that this arrangement was not a paying one. The only thriving man was the *chef de claque*, who made his fortune at the end of a few years, and retired; while the manager often ended his career in bankruptcy. The *chef de claque* had several ways of making money. Besides his fixed salary he received so much a year from actors and

actresses, especially those who had no talent, and frequently sold at a high rate the forty seats he received gratis. Nowadays this is changed. Instead of the manager paying the *chef de claque*, it is the latter who pays the manager. Three or four years ago, when a cabal was organized by the Quartier Latin against the *Henriette Maréchal* of the Brothers Goncourt, the *chef de claque* of the Théâtre Français, on the second and third nights, brought five hundred *claqueurs* to the rescue. The uproar in the theatre was terrific; the *claqueurs* raved, the students shrieked, but in the end got the best of it. They had stronger lungs than the mercenaries, and after the third performance the piece was withdrawn. It is curious to see a *chef de claque* recruiting his *troupe*. Within a few doors of every French theatre is a *café*, where the chief *claqueur* establishes head-quarters. Towards five or six o'clock he puts in an appearance, and is mobbed by the forty or fifty anxious to be enrolled for the evening. As a rule, the first thing the *chef de claque* looks at is the dress of the candidate. He accepts no blouses and no slovens. If he sees a man well arrayed, hearty looking, and florid of countenance, endowed with broad shoulders and big hands, he enlists him at once. The terms of admission vary. Sometimes (especially in summer) if there is a dull piece, it is difficult to find *claqueurs*, and the *chef* presses every one he can get, accepting eight sous, six sous, and even as little as four sous, from each of his *troupe*. Should the piece be so dull or the weather so hot that no one will volunteer to pay even twopence, the *chef* must then have recourse to such ragamuffins as he can find, and pay, instead of being paid. When there is a popular piece, the *chef de claque* has several hundred candidates to choose from, and he can make his own terms. On the nights of a first performance, of Augier, Sardou, or Alexandre Dumas fils, the seats in the *claque* fetch five or ten francs apiece. If a row is expected, as at the revival of *Ernani* and *Lucrèce Borgia*, the places fetch fancy prices.

In addition to the income derived from selling seats at a profit, the contractor of the *claque* makes a bonus by levying a tribute upon actors and actresses. It is easy for a spectator to guess which of the performers pays the *claque* and which not. No matter how slight the part an actor has to play, he is sure of warm applause if the *chef de claque* has been paid. For a *débutant* to refuse would be folly. Some of the more popular dramatists, Alexandre Dumas among them, have, at different times, endeavoured to abolish the *claque*, in so far as their own works were concerned; but the attempt has always failed. As under Napoleon I. and the Restoration, the *claque* is in too good odour with the police to be now superseded. Before the noisy bands of applauders can be safely dispensed with, French playgoers must become different. So long as the French mind evinces a sly relish for furtive hisses, and takes overt pleasure in dramatic rows, so long will the *chef de claque* be at his post, crying in a stage whisper to his honourable troop—"Allons, mes enfans, tous ensemble; chaudement et à bas la cabale!"

Shuter Silber.

TEMLSVAR.—A new opera, entitled *Adelina*, will shortly be produced here. It is by Herr Weidt, conductor at the theatre.

WEIMAR.—Herr Ferenczy, the tenor, has been engaged for life at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. On his retirement, he will be entitled to a pension.

VIENNA.—The Emperor has approved the project submitted to him by the Ministry of War, for establishing an Imperial Conservatory for Military Music. The merit of originating the project, and of following it up unceasingly till it was crowned with success, is due to Herr Zimmerman, a bandmaster, and Herr W. Westmeyer, the composer of the opera entitled *Der Wald bei Hermannstadt*.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It was always a fault of the English, says Sir John Falstaff, that when they have a good thing they make it too common. And if this be true of most things, it is most true of one thing—music. A musical party is one of the tyrannies with which a civilized age has presented us. It squanders means for the accomplishment of an end never achieved, and, assembling people for the purposes of pleasure, contributes to the discomfort of the majority. How can admirers of Bach admire Offenbach, and how can patrons of the modern school appreciate Handel or Scarlatti? When we think how little of a rarity bad music is, and of the opportunities which German bands and Italian barrel-organs offer for its continuous enjoyment, we wonder that this music at evening parties is endured. Suppose the sister-arts to claim the same "urgency," all young ladies to be taught drawing, and to bring pencils and sketch windmills in public; or all young ladies who write poetry, to recite their compositions before a listening room! But the monopoly of musicians seems supported by prescription, and the unfortunate guest is destined, like that lady who wore "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," do what he will, "to have music wherever he goes."

Some old customs have not gone out, like the Church-and-Fair Sunday. The eve of May Day is still called *May Bough Night*. "On this eve the young men are wont to place about their neighbours' houses branches of trees, each tree having a peculiar significance; for example, a wicken (mountain ash), means 'my dear chicken'; a plum tree in bloom, 'to be married, and soon'; a briar, 'a liar.'" Among every-day proverbs may be reckoned, "Old porridge is sooner warmed-up than new made"; "Choose a house that the wind can blow round"; "A cat on pattens catches no mice"; and "Faced all round like Preston Town-Hall clock." Consult Fishwick.

OUR enlightened contemporary, the *Globe*, writes thus somewhat egotistically:—

"It is good that music should be heard by as many people as can be got to hear it; but it can only be heard in perfection where and when the hearers are comparatively few, as well as fit. Chamber music, like conversation, has its conditions, and one of these is limitation in the number of those engaged in it. The man who ordered a dramatic performance for his own special and exclusive entertainment, probably got little out of it. He who ordered a quartet on the same conditions would act more wisely, so far as his own pleasure was concerned. It is not fit that a man or woman should think exclusively of him or herself, to the detriment of his or her fellow men or women."

A CURIOUS blunder, or blunders, appears, or appear, in the *Choir's* report of a recent festival at St. Alban's Abbey. Our contemporary says:—

"For the anthems both at matins and evensong a singular choice was made, the works selected being in each case excerpts from Mendelssohn's oratorios, that in the morning the chorus 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord,' and in the evening the chorale, 'In Judah is God known,' from *St. Paul*."

Our readers know that "Cast thy burden" is not a "chorus," but an accompanied quartet. They know, also, that there is no chorale in *St. Paul* beginning "In Judah is God known." Clark Whitfield wrote an anthem styled "In Jewry is God known," but, surely, this could not have been mistaken for Mendelssohn.

If theatres multiply every year in London, the extent of what, from a theatrical point of view, may be called London, increases with proportional rapidity. We suppose that for the purpose of evening amusement every railway station for which a train starts from a London terminus at midnight may be considered as London; and therefore it may be important to remark that Reading, and all stations above it on the Great Western Railway, have lately been made part of London for the purpose of visiting theatres and operas. If there were a communication between the Great Western Terminus and the Praed Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway without crossing a street, it would be convenient, as it certainly is possible for ladies in evening dress to come forty miles by these two lines to the door of the Court Theatre, and to return home after the performance.

AN amusing example of the danger attending musical criticisms by unmusical critics comes to us from Carmarthen. The *Journal* of that town, remarking upon a choral festival, says:—

"The deep-toned bass reeds of the organ were much too loud, and disturbed the otherwise beautiful effect."

Upon this the organist writes to point out that:—

"The organ does not possess any deep-toned bass reeds (and, indeed, no bass reed at all, but a 'Trumpet' or 'Posaune' on Great Organ, which reed was only used in chorus work)."

The local critic, we opine, has hidden his diminished head ever since.

THE projected "model performances" of Mozart's operas at Leipzig, which were to have been given during the present month, have all ended in smoke. The "stars" who were to sing in these performances, or, at any rate, an inconveniently large majority of those stars, instead of coming themselves have forwarded medical certificates, to the effect that the state of their health imperiously demands their abstention from all professional exertion, and their immediate presence at some watering-place. Poor things! we cannot help pitying their hard fate; at the same time it strikes us as a wonderful coincidence and an irrefragable proof of the artistic sympathy existing between them, that so many should be suddenly—and simultaneously—attacked. It surely cannot be a case of "sham Abraham," can it?

It appears that the Russian tenor of the Future is M. David Meierovitch. The following particulars concerning him have been published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. M. Meierovitch was originally intended by his father, a very rich man of Kowno, for trade. As, however, the son did not feel the slightest inclination for mercantile pursuits, while, on the contrary, he was enthusiastically fond of music, which he had no opportunity of studying under the paternal roof, he secretly left home, and, taking with him a few savings, determined to try his fortune in St. Petersburg. Here, after incredible efforts, and many privations, he succeeded in making the acquaintance of some of the leading artists at the Imperial Opera. These gentlemen were not long in discovering that he possessed a splendid voice. He next applied to Madame Lucca, then fulfilling an engagement in the Russian capital. He said that he was friendless and destitute, and besought her to aid him in his distress. Not only did the lady assist him pecuniarily in the most liberal manner, but she exerted her interest in the highest quarters, so effectually, as to procure the struggling artist's admission into the Conservatory.

IN the crush of the London "season," we were also, and by consequence, in the midst of that flood of benefit concerts which the season always brings. Long-established custom has made it a rule for musical artists to appeal to their friends and the public when "everybody" is in town. There is nothing to complain of in this. Each performer who, for the nonce, turns concert-giver, has professional and private admirers, by whom the opportunity of showing, in a practical way, their sense of his deserts is welcomed, while, on the other hand, an opportunity is afforded many who are not among the best paid of public entertainers to receive valuable help without the smallest loss of self-respect. But custom has done more; it has dictated what shall be the character of these benefit entertainments. We know that the character in question is not of the highest, and everybody will be disposed to regret that with personal benefit an advantage to art may not be combined. But it is useless to anticipate the time when fashionable benefit concerts will do more than present a series of more or less well-known pieces played or sung by artists with whose names they have become identified; and it would be unfair to censure the concert-givers because the time is not yet. The nature of any given supply depends upon the character of the demand, and when our audiences deserve better fare than is now provided in "benefit" programmes, they will have it, but not before.

COLOGNE.—The Duke of Coburg has conferred the Medal for Arts and Sciences on Professor Gernsheim.

MADRID.—The evening concerts, in the gardens of the Retiro, under the direction of Signor Bottesini, are extremely successful.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

To all who would give concerts in the last days of July, when musical people are exhausted with a season's labour or enjoyment, the concert of Madame de la Motte said "Don't." St. George's Hall never presented a more remarkable example of the lassitude and indifference which comes of satiety than on Saturday afternoon. The bill of fare was unquestionably tempting, two-thirds of the programme being devoted to selections from Gluck's *Orfeo*, with Madame de la Motte, described as "American prima donna from the theatres of America and Italy," in the character of him whose lute "made trees, and the mountain tops which freeze, bow themselves when he did sing." But no Orpheus could attract the wearied British public. By the time of commencing forty-five persons had assembled. Fifteen minutes' waiting brought five additions to the party, and in fifteen minutes more the audience reached its maximum of seventy. Nor was slackness confined to the "front." Chevalier di Kontaki, who was announced to play, did not appear at all; Signor Urio should have given two songs, but was equal to one only; and even the Kirkman "grand" was brought wearily in at the end of the first part. Under such circumstances, it would be inevitable to sympathize with any concert-giver; but specially is sympathy called for when we see real merit wasted upon the ears of a jaded few. Into a discussion of Gluck's classic opera we need not enter here; nor shall we criticise the manner of its recital by Madame de la Motte, Miss Banks, Miss Drummond, and a double quartet of vocalists, which comprised the "select chorus announced." The object sought by the concert was the introduction of Madame de la Motte to an English audience, and it will suffice if we say that her rendering of the airs in *Orfeo* fully proved such reputation as the lady enjoys elsewhere to be well founded. Madame de la Motte—who was formerly known in the States as Miss Washburn—has a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable power and capacity of expression. She sings with earnestness and intelligence, moreover; while her appearance and bearing are such as encourage a belief that she would prove acceptable on the lyric stage. The verdict of the scanty audience was highly encouraging; and, seeing that empty benches are notoriously the most effective dampers of enthusiasm, Madame de la Motte had good reason to be satisfied with the applause she elicited. The lady must make herself heard again by English ears—but not in the last week of July.

Miss Edwards' *matinée d'invitation*, on Monday, the 24th ult., was numerously attended by a fashionable audience, who evidently enjoyed the musical treat prepared for them. Miss Edwards was assisted by Miss Sheard, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Lehmeier, Herr Carl Firmus (from Prague), Herr Oberthur, and some distinguished amateurs. Mozart's "Sull' Aria," and Pissuti's "Cantiamo l'amor," were sung by Miss Edwards and Miss Sheard with great taste. The last-named lady was also successful in Beethoven's "Per pietà non dirmi addio," and in Ardit's "L'Extasi." Miss Edwards' singing was greatly admired in Gounod's "There is a green hill," in "Connais tu le pays," from M. Thomas's "Mignon," and Oberthur's Serenade, "O, were I the moonlight," the highly effective harp accompaniment to which was beautifully played by the composer, who also gave several harp solos, amongst which Parish-Alvars' grand study, "Imitazione del Mandolino," was particularly admired. Mr. Lloyd's voice came out to great advantage in Prince Poniatowski's clever song, "The Yeoman's Wedding," and in Oberthur's Romance, "The rose and the ring," which he sung with all the taste and expression this highly dramatic composition demands. Herr Lehmeier's pianoforte playing was admired in a Nocturne by Chopin, and a very graceful composition of his own, "La Forêt." We must not omit to state that Signor Tito Mattei's "Grand Valse" was brilliantly played by a distinguished lady amateur. Miss Edwards played also Oberthur's ever effective duet for harp and piano, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with the composer, which was received with unanimous applause. As there are so few executants on the harp, it was particularly interesting to make the acquaintance of a new performer, especially of one with talent of so high an order as that of Herr Carl Firmus, who played Oberthur's graceful, but difficult, harp solo, "La Cascade," with such finish as to elicit general admiration. This gentleman, who is very young, has been in London only a short time, for the purpose of pursuing his studies of the harp and harmony with Herr Oberthur. Miss Edwards' *matinée* was in every respect a decided success, affording satisfaction to all present.

Six hundred thousand copies of the "Watch on the Rhine" were sold in Germany during the few months of the war.

NAPLES.—The new theatre, situate near the Military Tribunal, at Monte di Dio, is now completed. It is called the Politeama Napoletano, and will open, on the first September, for opera and ballet. The pit can accommodate a thousand persons. There are thirty-seven boxes on the first tier; the same number on the second; and nine on the third. The galleries contain a thousand places.

## REVIEWS.

*Gavotte and Rondo from Bach's Sixth Violin Sonata.* Transcribed by W. ROCKSTRO. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

BRavo! Mr. Rockstro. You have given us a very clear and unobtrusive arrangement of some of the most tuneful music Bach ever wrote. For this, much thanks.

*The Collier's Bonny Daughter.* Part Song. Composed by HENRY W. GOODBAN. [London: Metzler & Co.]

WITHOUT stopping to question the propriety of calling that a part song which is merely a harmonized melody, we say that Mr. Goodban has happily reflected the spirit of some very quaint verses. The piece has a pleasing effect, and deserves to be in the repertory of every choral society. By the way, is not the pianoforte introduction out of keeping? Better no pianoforte at all, we fancy.

*Gems from Handel's Italian Operas.* Transcribed for the pianoforte by J. H. DEANE. No. 1. "Mi lusinga il dolce affetto" (*Alcina*). [London: Brewer & Co.]

MR. DEANE has begun to work in a prolific field, and we hope he will be encouraged to persevere. The general public ought to know more of Handel's operas, especially as with knowledge will come admiration. "Mi lusinga" is conscientiously transcribed, and a very tuneful and charming movement for the piano it makes.

*Handel's Songs.* Arranged for the Organ, by J. H. DEANE. I. "Lord, remember David." II. "O, Lord, whom we adore." [London: Brewer & Co.]

MR. DEANE's intimate knowledge of the instrument for which he writes, appears to great advantage in these arrangements. More faithful transcriptions it would be hard to find, or work better adapted to display the music, while consulting the genius of the organ. Such admirable things deserve to be widely known and used. Of the songs themselves there can be no need to speak.

*Gentle Airs, Melodious Strains.* Song, with Violoncello Obligato from Handel's *Athalie*. Arranged for the Organ, by J. H. DEANE. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

THE obligato in this charming and characteristic song is allotted to the swell cornopean, and the whole movement is laid out for the organ with a skilful hand.

*Thy Child's an Angel now.* Ballad. Poetry by S. P. H. Music by FRANCIS HOWELL. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE pathetic character of the verses here set to music can be inferred from the title; and it will suffice to say that Mr. Howell has adapted to them a very sweet and appropriate melody, simply accompanied, and not only allowing, but inviting, all the expression of which a singer is capable. Such a ballad can easily be made heart-touching.

*Ethel.* Romance for the Pianoforte. Composed by BRINLEY RICHARDS. New edition. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE extensive popularity of this pretty romance renders it quite needless for us to do more than announce a new edition, whereof let all who are unacquainted with one of Mr. Richards' best effusions take due note.

*It was early in the Spring time.* Song. Words by JEMMETT BROWN. Music by LOUISA GRAY. [London: Chappell & Co.]

THIS is a good song of its kind. It has a melody with meaning in it, and an accompaniment serving to throw the subject into stronger relief, instead of, as is often the case, to obscure it by obtrusiveness or excess of ornament. A more straightforward, honest composition need not be desired.

*Volts pour Piano sur l'opera de Gounod "Irene."* Arrangée par F. BURG-MULLER. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A tuneful waltz, such as one might play for its own sake. The themes are well chosen, and the introduction is of such superior merit that the piece might have been all introduction, without loss.

*Godfrey's Chilperic Quadrille,* on airs from Hervé's Popular Opera. [London: Metzler & Co.]

Does anybody really love M. Hervé and his works? If so, here's for them.

WE (Choir) are enabled to state that the withdrawal of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, from the programme of the Gloucester Festival, is solely owing to the fact that no baritone has been engaged for the performances, the principal part in the work being written for that voice. At the same time the omission, although it may have been unavoidable, is a matter for deep regret, as we have heard far too little of the music of our distinguished fellow-countryman during the past few years, and the engagement of Mr. Santley for the production of the oratorio would have formed a striking attraction.



## WAIFS.

It is said that Mdme. Arabella Goddard contemplates making a short professional tour in Ireland after her return from Germany.

Signor Randegger has left London on a tour through Germany and Italy.

The *Herald* says Boston is going to torture Miss Nilsson with a midnight procession.

Twenty-six thousand children are now learning music in the Boston public schools.

A doctor was asked to dance the "Lancers." He declined, but expressed a willingness to lance the dancers.

The Marquise de Caux (Mdme. Adelina Patti) has left England for the Continent, with her husband the Marquis.

M. Vivier, the renowned horn player, humourist, composer, singer, and player upon divers instruments, has returned to Paris.

Mr. and Madame Patey have returned to town from their dwelling in the wilds of Devon, near the waters of the Dart.

Mr. Jordan, one of the chief, most influential, and most active promoters of the great Boston Choral Festival, is in England.

Mr. Santley and Mr. Charles Lyall have returned from their trip in the Oberland, which, we are glad to hear, has been highly beneficial to both.

Among eminent English musicians invited to attend the approaching centenary fête in honour of Beethoven, at Bonn, is Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.

The Théâtre Français was re-opened on Friday night week, with Alfred de Musset's *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*, and the *Mariage de Figaro*.

A testimonial, consisting of a silver claret service, and a purse of £100, has been presented to Mr. Barnby by the members of his choir. Never was compliment better merited.

The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the organ-grinders. Every day or two they have a small paragraph like this:—"Organ-grinders in Memphis make about ten dollars a day."

Mdlle. Alvina Valeria, who made so successful a *début* this season at Signor Arditi's concert (as his pupil), has signed an engagement as *prima donna assoluta* for the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg for the ensuing season.

We learn that Mrs. Handforde, of Spring Bank, has just given an organ to the new chapel in Whaley Bridge, in the parish of Tarfall, Derbyshire, and that the proceeds of opening are to be given towards the building arrears.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln was at one time greatly annoyed by the awful music of a fiddler who stood under his window by the hour. "Old Abe" sent him a dollar, and the word that one scraper was enough at the door.

The annual juvenile Festival of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association is to be held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday week. Four thousand voices will sing a selection of appropriate pieces, under the direction of Messrs. Sarll and Proudman.

The new opera composed by Signor Verdi, for Cairo, is entitled *Aida*. The Khedive, we are informed, wishes (and, probably, Verdi wishes also) to hear Signor Fraschini in the tenor part; and to this Signor Fraschini is ready to consent, "in reason" of 60,000 francs (£2,400).

Letters from Paris announce that Mdlle. Favart and M. Delaunay are shortly going to fulfil an engagement at St. Petersburg, that M. Regnier has retired, and that M. Got is about to retire also. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Comédie Française, that at least some of these rumours may be baseless.

A new cantata, composed by Miss Francesca Ferrari, entitled *A Cloud with a Silver Lining*, was given by the young ladies of Miss Thomson's establishment, at Warrington Lodge, on "breaking up" day. The solo parts were sung by Miss Sophie Ferrari, as might have been expected, *con amore*.

A country correspondent of the *Church Review*, among other parochial anecdotes of days gone by, tells a story of a certain Churchwarden Jenkins, who once proposed that the church music should be improved by introducing a baboon. "A baboon?" repeated the rector, in dismay. "Yea, sir, a baboon is a wonderful help to the singers in the gallery—it encourages them to sing out."

Herr Anton Bruckner, Court Organist at Vienna, and Professor to the Conservatorium of that city, has arrived in London to play on the great organ of the Royal Albert Hall. The dates of his performances will shortly be announced. It takes some little time to become acquainted with the details of so large an instrument. Herr Bruckner's strong points are said to be classical improvisations on the works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn.

The *Echo* states it is a fact that "out of her available hours of study, the British school-girl spends on an average by far the largest proportion, or not less than a clear fourth, in music." The same authority calculates that arithmetic takes up one-thirteenth of her time, and history, geography, grammar, and other such insignificant trifles, about as much more, making altogether one-half. What becomes of the other half of her time, the writer fails to tell us.

Mr. Thomas Murphy, the music teacher who eloped with the daughter of an English nobleman some time ago, has been appointed organist to the Church of the Holy Innocents in New York. They went to America as ordinary steerage passengers in an emigrant ship. Since his arrival in New York, Mr. Murphy's career has been prosperous. The society of his wife has been courted by many leaders of fashion, and his appointment as organist to the Church of the Holy Innocents has given great satisfaction.

Mdlle. Alma Hollaender gave a *matinée musicale* a few days since at the residence of Lady Thompson. Of the concert-giver, a pianist from Berlin, we have before spoken in high terms. Again the young lady proved her possession of excellent powers of mechanism and refined taste in the execution of various pieces selected from the works of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and Schuman. Some *Lieder* by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms were contributed, by Mdlles. Loewe and Steinhagen, Mr. Byron, and Herr Stockhausen.

Although on principle we are averse to testimonials, seeing that they are too often presented to noisy, self-asserting individuals, while the world's hardest workers go unrewarded, no one can deny that some recognition of the long service of Signor Mario is due from the lovers of Italian Opera. The great artist's reverses of fortune may, without impertinence, be said to offer an additional reason for turning to good account the suggestion that he should be presented with a parting gift by his English admirers; and as it is always best to strike while the iron is hot, we hope that the committee who have undertaken the work will lose no time in appealing to the public for funds.—*Choir*.

The directors of the Philharmonic Society, in the presentation of the gold medal, struck in commemoration of the Beethoven Centenary, have wisely resolved to honour the representatives of each branch of the art, composers, conductors, vocalists and instrumentalists. The recipients of this distinction are confined to those artists who have rendered service to the society, including Mdme. Arabella Goddard, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Sir W. S. Bennett, Mr. Cusins, and Mr. Santley. The foreigners to whom the medal is to be presented are Mdlle. Linzbauer, Mdlle. Nilsson, Mdlle. Tietjens, Herr Joachim, and M. Gounod. Casts of the bust of the great composer, presented to the Society by Mdlle. Linzbauer, are to be supplied to the University of Cambridge, the Royal Society of Musicians, the Royal Academy of Music, the Crystal Palace, and Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons.—*Choir*.

All great rhetoricians, as De Quincey defines the term, rise to poetry, and the art which has been cultivated among us under the name of word-painting, may be fitly described as an attempt to produce poetical effects without the aid of metre. From most writers described under this phrase he differs by the circumstance, that his art is more nearly allied to music than to painting. Or, if musicians are compared to painters, it must be to those who care little for distinct portraiture or dramatic interest. He resembles rather the school which is satisfied in contemplating gorgeous draperies, graceful limbs, and processions of imposing figures, without caring to interpret the meaning of their works, or to seek for more than the harmonious arrangement of form and colour. In other words, his prose-poems should be compared to the paintings which aim at an effect analogous to that of stately pieces of music. [Will Mr. Zanichelli Owl explain?—A.S.S.]

The *Perthshire Advertiser* extracts the following from a visitor's book "in a well-known locality in the Highlands":—

"Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen,  
Where deer and grouse have not supplanted men."  
JOHN BRIGHT.

And immediately below:—

"Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen,  
Where mules and shoddy have not stunted men."  
SHIRLEY BROOKS.

Still further "below," an after visitor wrote:—

"Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen,  
Where John and Shirley prove at least they're men."  
A. S. SILENT.

Yet lower, an aftermost visitor wrote:—

"Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen,  
Where Bright—Brooks—Silent scribble least like men."  
EGG.

[A point in any of the four epigrams, Mr. Z. Owl, please.]

We regret to announce that Miss Augusta Thomson is suffering from low nervous fever, partly caused by over work. She has just achieved a great and decided success at Liverpool as Fredegonde in Hervé's *Chilperic*, and was to have commenced a tour with that opera last Monday, but her strength has given way, and the doctors have ordered perfect rest and fresh air to assist in the restoration to health of the fair cantatrice. May the remedies prescribed effect a speedy cure.

The committee engaged in raising funds for the erection of a statue to Balfe have not up to the present met with very encouraging success, but the popularity of the composer is so great that we can scarcely believe there will be any difficulty in raising the needful sum when the public are actually called upon to contribute. While, however, we cordially approve of the object in view, we think that a far more suitable position might be chosen for the statue than the vestibule of Drury Lane theatre. The old house has, it is true, many associations which mark it out as a fitting receptacle for the memorials of our national composers and dramatists, but at the same time the public have so few opportunities of seeing them in the theatre, that a more accessible place would be preferable. Even the Crystal Palace, well-stocked as it is with objects of this sort, seems to be better adapted for the exhibition of such a work; as merely to place it in the crush room of a theatre, where it is likely to be overlooked in the hurry of the general rush to the carriages, seems a waste of capital.—*Choir.*

There is no new thing to say about the skylark. His mystery has been long ago grasped by poets, who have ever been telling the world what he means. But it is a song that never can be old, its meaning can never fade into common-place. From his perch of sod, up and up to that point of heaven where he himself is lost and becomes a voice, that strain of varying cadence, but unvarying tone and power, comes down, against all fancied laws of sound, with a subtle attractiveness. Has he a thought of himself? a touch of vanity? Unlikely; but if he had, how he would despise all other created things that might try to rival his power! "Take me a lion chained in a balloon," says Michelet's Tousselet; "his roaring would be lost in space. Infinitely stronger in voice and breath, the lark soars as he spins his song, which you hear when you can no longer see. Gay, light, with no sense of fatigue or cost, that song seems like the joy of an invisible spirit which would console the earth." [A meaning, please, Mr. Zamiels Owl.—A.S.S.]

List of Sir Michael Costa's orchestras at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane (1871):—

1st Violins.—P. Sainton (*Principal*), Amor, Buziau, Desardin, Haug, H. W. Hill, Kettinus, Loades, Bendell, Ries, Risegari, Wiener. 2nd Violins.—J. Willy (*Principal*), Clementi, Diehl, Easton, Morley, Newsham, Nicholson, Snewing, Villin, Wilkins. Violoncellos.—Lasserre (*Principal*), Daubert, Lutgen, Petit, Van Bienne, Vieuxtemps, Woolhouse. Double Basses.—A. C. White (*Principal*), Durier, Edgar, Newwirth, Pratten, Waud, Winterbottom. Tenors.—Waeleghen (*Principal*), Baetens, Bernhardt, Colchester, Mapleson, Reynolds, Schreurs, Zerbini. Harp.—Mlle. Jensen. Flutes.—Swendsen, Brossa. Oboes.—Dubruq, Engel. Clarinets.—I. azarus, Snelling. Bassoons.—Watson, Haveron. Horns.—Paquis, Handley, Keevil, Waterson. Trumpets.—Reynolds, Newwirth. Trombones.—Webster, Tull, Bartlett. Ophicleide.—Phasey. Drums.—J. W. Horton. Side Drum and Triangle.—Owen. Bass Drum.—Middleditch. Composer, director of the music, and conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

As Prince Oscar of Sweden was lionized by the Society of Arts and presented to the London School Board and other notabilities on Wednesday evening at the Albert Hall, it is fair to suppose that the opportunity was chosen because the subsequent concert was given in aid of the somewhat hazy project for establishing a National Music School. As, however, the Prince is said to be an intelligent amateur, and the objects sent from Sweden to the International Exhibition prove that his countrymen are no mean novices in the work of musical education, it is to be hoped that he will not judge of English music or musicians from the performance then given. The object indeed was English, but very few of the performers were, and in the programme there was not a single item by a national composer. From such premises, what conclusion could the Royal visitor have formed? Either that there was nothing worthy of performance in our native repertoire—which his knowledge of the art will convince him is not the fact—or else that the conductors of the performance showed very bad taste in their selection of the music—which must, we fear, be accepted as the true explanation of the case.—*Choir.*

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COOK & Co.—"Gentle airs" (*Athalia*), arranged for the Organ by J. H. Deano.  
WIFFERT & Co.—"The Wreck of the Holy Cross," "Song of the Sea," "Bel Moretto," "Banner of the Nation," "Una povera fanciulla," Songs, by Luigi Badio.

#### THE STREET BALL.

In a narrow back street, one evening in June,

A wandering musician,  
Not asking permission,  
Appeared with an organ, and struck up a tune.  
The last of all places for musical graces;  
Nothing in view but dull shops and grim faces.  
Still that musician was true to his mission,  
He loved to delight those of lowly condition,  
And rejoiced to afford to the poorest of folk, a  
Treat in the way of waltz, galop, or polka!

Forth from the shop where stewed eels and fried slices  
Of soles, for poor bodies, yield odour that nice is;  
Out from the newsvenders', quick from the laundresses,  
And the door round the corner where poor people pawn dresses,  
Straight from the greengrocers', up from the cellars,  
Down from high garrets, skipped juvenile dwellers,  
Plenty as frogs that jump out from the rushes  
When the tread of a horse for their comfort too much is.  
Only, the frogings are perfectly clean,  
But the poor little bipeds scarce fit to be seen.

Lovely Belgravia, vaunt not your pride;

Scorn not, ye fair,

Of Hanover Square;

Nor think to the poor ev'ry grace is denied:  
If, to their strange music, and in their costumes,  
You danced at assemblies in Willis's Rooms,  
There were little to choose in the Newmarket's report  
Of the belles of the street, or the belles of the Court!  
Where did they practice it, poor little things?  
Something within them seems giving them wings;  
Smiling through sorrow, some charm in each face,  
In every motion some outlines of grace;  
Really neat steps on a really rough street,  
With very large shoes upon very small feet.

Send for the School Board, and let them behold  
A sight that is worth more than government gold.  
Call Reed, Huxley, Dixon, Smith, Lawrence, Lycett,  
To witness each *pas* and each neat *pirouette*.  
Then dancing forthwith in their "Science and art  
Extra subjects" will take a conspicuous part;  
And every officer sent to the street  
To pounce on the urchins he happens to meet,  
Shall play a hand-organ, and marching along,  
Around him will gather a juvenile throng;  
And before they suspect the intent of the rule,  
He shall grind them right into a certified school.  
And why not? There are precedents easy of finding;  
Many reach higher schools by a process of "grinding!"

Alas! that in our rarer scenes of bliss

Some sad alloy

Comes to annoy.

So, in the narrow street there happened this:  
Belle of the ball, a bonny red-haired maid,  
Had a grave duty to her home betrayed.  
'Twas supper-time, and from a public near,  
She had been hastened to fetch home the beer.  
But now, regardless of her father's thirst,  
She in the mazy dance was ever first;  
Holding the sacred jug unto her breast,  
As if by inward thoughts of wrong oppress'd.  
'Till, by some luckless step, she tripped and fell,  
Broke the brown jug, and lost the beer as well.  
A shout, a laugh, the merry dance was o'er,  
The organ-grinder tuned his pipes no more;  
And homeward trod the weeping, trembling maid,  
To meet such frowns as made her sore afraid.

Some one go with her, and tenderly plead  
For a heart once so joyous, now ready to bleed.  
Few are the pleasures vouchsafed to the poor:  
Want and sorrow are spectres that sit at their door;  
Yet, touched by the chords that awaken the heart,  
They can relish the joys that the Muses impart.  
Plead with her father, appeal to her mother,  
Pray them harsh words and reproaches to smother,  
Say to them plainly: 'Tis not the worst fall  
That has happened to Beauty, allured to a ball!

R. KEMP PHILIP.

KARLSBAD, (Bohemia).—Whatever may be the shortcomings of this watering-place in comparison with many others, it certainly cannot be denied that, thanks to the exertions of our talented musical director, Herr August Labitzky, the band of the Kurhaus has attained a degree of perfection which must satisfy the most critical ears. Happily for us, our Bohemian watering-places are without the gaming tables to be found in the German baths, consequently nothing can be more welcome to our visitors than the excellent performances of music which, like sounds from Fairyland, captivate their ears. Such were our thoughts when listening to the exquisite performances at the concert of July the 16th. It would carry us too far were we to report on each piece of the very choice programme, and we shall only say a few words about our highly esteemed harpist, Fraulein Anna Duberg, who, in a masterly manner, played Charles Oberthur's Concertino (Op. 175), for Harp and Orchestra. This composition is the work of a master mind, and Maestro Oberthur would certainly have been delighted to hear it performed to such perfection; like a shower of pearls came the difficult passages of the first movement to our ears, whilst the lovely melodious phrases of the second movement, a romance in G flat, was delivered with all requisite delicacy. No greater proof of general satisfaction could have been offered to Fraulein Duberg than the unanimous applause with which a numerous audience rewarded her and the composer. Her C. Oberthur could certainly not have found a more desirable interpreter of his beautiful and poetical tone-picture, as he had the good fortune to have in Fraulein Duberg, who takes a prominent place amongst our best Harpists now in existence. Evidently also the conductor, Herr Labitzky, as well as the members of his band, were delighted with the executive talent, as well as with the composition; and the admirable way in which they accompanied, leaves no doubt that it was with them a labour of love.—Karlsbader Tageblatt.

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